A Tragedy in a German Forest.

BY J. WARREN CONARD.

and rather thickset, with a resolute face which had once been handsome, and which further developments; but with the excep- hint that as the dead man's relatives lived only at times lighted up pleasantly, and again tion of the crash and rustle as a few other deer a mile or two away, and as some of them did would assume an expression of sadness as he rushed in terror through the underbrush, no not bear the best characters, it might be well related his tragic experience.

men accused of murder, for even I, your plain, alarm at the echo of his own gunshot? I crept and Gretchen, who watched my departure with quiet friend. Edward Spiersnyder, have stood to near the gallows that the recollection of it that I rustled the underbrush there was a flash not speak for choaking—but I was not yet 17 at times still darkens my life.

"At that time the best bunting-grounds were | bushes, and some 12 yards wide. tween the peachers and the gamekeepers the The moon sank lower and lower toward the behold." most deadly animosity existed and bloody con- tree-tops, and the chill breeze rustled the flicts sometimes occurred, the two classes re- bushes and long grass until I imagined a crawlgarding each other with the same feeling that | ing peacher in every moving shadow. generally prevails between the policemen and the burglars in a large city. I was taught by With every sense keenly on the alert I watchmy father to shun and hate every person sus- ed, and an interval of silence ensued, brief but perted of being a relative or a friend of any | terrible! Was I surrounded by poachers! Had

"At the age of 16 I was delighted with the be shot like a dog if I attempted to rise? I news of my appointment to the position of as- | furtively glanced to the right and left without sistant to my father. Before long I was on | moving my head, and not 10 feet away, to the duty, as proud of my green shooting-jacket and left, I saw the tops of the long grass gently leather leggins as a new field-marshal would moving. A few moments more and the figure have been of his baton. I was very vigilant, of a man rose from the ground at the side of and speedily won the praise of my father and the slain deer. He looked cantiously about became the terror of the poachers, for I knew | him, and as he turned toward me a cloud passthe forests thoroughly, having spent a great | ed from before the moon and I saw once more portion of my idle hours in wandering about | the grim features of the peacher who had forced in the most solitary places, to the disgust of my | me to dine with him in the tree. more noisy and sociable brothers and play- "I cannot exactly tell how it happened. I

"A few months after my appointment, as I start of the poacher as he heard the click of was wandering through the forest, the warm | my gunlock, the flash of his knife as he drop-Summer weather, the deep silence, broken oc- ped it in the motion of cocking his gun; the casionally by the buzz of some passing insect | thought that he would kill me duless I killed | lazily winging its way through the drowsy air, | him, and then the flash and report of my own and the contented feeling arising from my piece, the wild yell of my enemy as he fell having reached the summit of my ambition, across the body of the deer, and then a wild, caused me to become careless of surroundings, | horror-stricken race through the tangled forest, and I broke forth into one of our German love | where night-clves seemed to whirl and flutter only four years my junior. My brothers called hastily carried in by my father, and lay gaspher a tow-haired brat, and no doubt you would | ing and unable to speak, while the whisper | at that time; but I thought she was beautiful, and she seemed to adore me since I had donned the clothing wet and smeared with clay, the the gamekeeper's uniform.

"The forest was becoming more open and the | wild race, spoke to him of an encounter with | trees larger, when I was startled by a sharp | the only real terror of the forest in his estimadently a peacher, seated in the forks of a huge, morning, while I slept the deep sleep of exbranching tree, some 10 feet above the ground, haustion, a magistrate and a strong party of with a cocked gun aimed directly at my breast, men visited the spot. They found the dead I was armed only with a light staff and a hanger. deer and near it my cap, and some 50 yards or short cutlass, having foolishly left my gun away they found the dead body of the poacher. at home. For a few moments we giared at | He was shot in the breast, and might possibly each other in silence. I saw by a half-emptied | have risen and walked that distance. But wine-bottle and some fragments of food on a there was nothing to show that he was a large branch near the poacher, that I had sur- poacher! He was the dissolute son of well-toprised him at his noon-day meal. He saw that | do parents, and was supposed to have fled from I was completely in his power, and removing the country on account of some petty offense his gun from his shoulder he glanced quickly | against the laws. He had evidently been livaround and asked me where my companions ing in some secret place in the forest, but no were. I replied that I was alone. The fellow gun norammanition could be found. Poachers regarded me with a fixed stare for a few mo- frequently used guns made to be screwed toments, during which I inwardly cursed my gether or taken apart in short sections at will; folly in having neglected to bring my trusty but no pieces of such a weapon could be found gon, and thought with lightning-like rapidity upon him. of my parents, my home, and Gretchen. For ouce in my life, at least, I prayed fervently, the crowd, some of whom were relatives of the and as the peacher took another look around I | dead peacher. My long absences from home at closed my eyes and thought of the morrow, night; the fact that the man had no weapon, when a searching party would find my dead | and that the kulfe found beside the deer might body, for I could expect no mercy from a possibly be my own, were freely commented poacher. I thought of the grief of my upon; and at last a cousin of the dead man mother and Gretchen; of the rage and openly charged that I was a poncher, and havsorrow of my father; of the investigation ing been surprised in the act of killing a deer, by the Duke and his officials; of the nine days' | 1 had shot the only witness of my crime and borror and wonder, which would end in a had then endeavored to fasten my own guilt scramble for my position and a tembstone | upon him. for an assistant gamekeeper murdered by some one unknown. Should I do my full duty by charge and wept bitterly when I was arrested attacking the ruffian in some way? I thought and led away for a hearing. I carnestly deof drawing my hanger and hurling it at him, | clared my innocence, and only begged for time and then of making a leap behind the nearest | to search for the dead man's gun. I told how tree, but I knew the least motion would seal he trapped me from his perch in the tree and my fate. Again I glanced upward, and I was compelled me to eat and drink with him, but inexpressibly relieved to see that the stern | my statement was ridiculed. I was told that features of the peacher had relaxed into a smile | the ground had been carefully searched, that at my pale face and my boyish appearance. the footsteps showed that no one except the Carelessly setting his gun aside in the fork of dead man and myself had been there that the tree, he good-naturedly invited me to come | night, and therefore no one could have carried up and take dinner with him. There was no the gun away, and that further search was choice-it was either instant death or a hob- useless. I wished a hundred times that the nob with a natural enemy, and I chose the proacher had killed me, for I feared I should latter. He showed me how to ascend by means | be executed for murder. of a notched pole tied to the tree, which he had | "Fortunately for me, the Duke was a sensievidently used before for a similar purpose. ble and observant man. He had watched me There was room enough in the wide-spreading | for weeks, and felt certain that I was faithful, forks of the tree, and we ate and drank to- and that my story was true. He requested gether very sociably, with no conversation ex- | the magistrate to allow me to search the ground cept brief remarks about the weather. I thought | again, under a guard. I thought that the again of doing my duty, of grappling with poacher might have dropped his gun, and that him, hurling him from the tree and shooting | the crowd had trampled it into the mud, and him dead with his own gun. But he took care with a long, sharp stick I prodded the ground to keep his powerful body between his gun and | al! around the spot, while poor little Gretchen, myself, and beside the fact that he was about | with her eyes red with weeping, followed my 25 years old and much heavier than I was, he every movement, only to return at night to kept constantly in his hand the wicked-looking my mother, who was prostrated by the shock, clasped knife with which he cut the bread, and with the news that no gun had been found. It

"Our frugal meal of bread, wine and sausage | in despair, being finished, he turned to me, and speaking sharply, asked me if I had eaten enough. I the dark mud of a sluggish spring that cozed | S. M., Latham, Mo., wishes to hear from any offiassented, and he exclaimed: 'You have eaten from the ground among some tussocks, at least and drank with a poucher. Dare to arrest me | 20 yards from where the dead man had lain, or any of my friends, and the Duke shall hear I struck something hard. My heart stood still! of this. Here,' and with a quick motion of A few more prods of the sharpened pole, and, the knife, which I at first thought was aimed at my heart, he cut out a small piece of cloth from the breast of my coat, ' is a witness which his pocket he sternly ordered me to leave the balls! tree and run in an opposite direction from my

woods like a swift meteor; homeward, with her rheumatism and typhoid fever and chronic diar-long, yellow hair torn loose from its ribbons by rhea. —Frederick Miller, 3824 Lancaster Ave., dismissed in disgrace by the Duke, and prob-ably disowned by my father, who I knew would tering heart, until at last, with giad cry, 'He dined with a poscher. I became moody and my mother's bed.

the spot. the creatures were timid, having evidently known that his wound was fatal, and whether and slashed his temple. He was an engineer been fired at occasionally, and at the least noise | he sought to criminate me as he did, or to save | by trade, and the suicide is attributed to dethey would disappear with the swiftness of the his relatives from additional disgrace on his spondency over his inability to get work. wind. One old buck became a familiar visitor. He was a fine fellow, and I often wondered that no poncher had bagged him while grazing at night in the patch of long swamp-grass, surrounded as it was by stunted trees and thick underbrush within rifleshot on every side. One afternoon, as I peeped out from among the branches of a tall tree commanding a view of the spot. I noticed that the buck was missing. Other deer were there, but he was not visible. I descended, and searching the patch of swampy land, found traces of blood near a spring, with a trail showing that a deer had been dragged some distance and then borne away by three or four men, whose tracks were lost in the recesses

of the forest. "This discovery was a godsend. I feared every day that my adventure with the poacher would come to light, but if I could capture a poacher or two my character would be vindicated and the story would not be believed. I watched the patch of grass night after night. Gretchen and my mother wondered, and my father praised my vigilance, but I kept my

secret well. "One Autumn night, when the air was becoming unpleasantly chilly, I lay behind a log at the edge of the patch, watching the clouds as they flitted across the face of the moon and listening intently to the slight noise made by a deer, which was feeding some 60 yards away.

The cautious movements of the animal and its | account, will never be known until the last occasional panses in deathly silence showed great day. That he had strength to walk at all that although the wind was blowing toward after receiving such a deadly wound was a wonme, it scented or suspected danger; and fear- | der to all, and some of his relatives who knew ing that any noise might cause its flight and him best darkly hinted that my instant flight that of any peacher who might be watching it, was all that saved my life, as his gun was still I lay motionless. Suddenly, as the deer raised | loaded.

they discovered my hiding-place, and would I

remember dimly, as in a dream, the terrified

"Ugly whispers began to circulate among

"Poor little Gretchen refused to believe the

its head to listen, a gunshot rang sharply out "It was a happy day for my mother and on the cool night air, and the deer, with a Gretchen when I was declared innocent and shrill snort of agony, bounded two or three returned home in triumph. The neighbors contimes high in the air and fell dead with a bullet | gratulated me, and the Duke sent me a hand-My companion was a grizzled German, short | through its head. I started up, trembling with | some sum of money, with a high compliment cold and excitement, and waited anxiously for to my efficiency as a gamekeeper, but with a sound was heard. I waited long and auxiously. | for me to emigrate.

"Yes." he observed, "I can sympathize with | Would the poscher leave his game and flee in | "It was a sad parting when I left my parents and report from the branches of a tree 60 yards | years old. I settled in Belgium and prospered. "In the year 18 - well, no matter, but before away, on the edge of the open ground, and a This year I came to America, for I had studied you, my young friend, were born, my father bullet whizzed dangerously near to my head the English language and proposed to settle was head gamekeeper for the Duke of ---, in | and buried itself in a tree-trank with a spiteful | here. But although my old father and mother Germany. The poor little Duchy was long sound. I was curning enough to shrick loudly, are dead, my brothers and sisters are scattered, age swallowed up in the vast German Empire, as though wounded, and not knowing how and our cottage and the old inn have long since but at that time the petty Dukedom was a won- many foes I had to deal with I discharged my crumbled to decay, I still love my Fatherland, derful world to me. When the Dake and his gun, as nearly as I could judge, at the spot and shall return there and end my days. You hunting parties clattered past our humble cot- where I had seen the flash, and then fell head- have a glorious country, but I love my own the tage in the edge of the forest I gazed in open- long into the bushes. I quickly reloaded as I lay best, and I must return to my family; for here," mouthed awe and reverence at the mighty on my back, and then drew myself like a snake and he drew from his bosom an old-fashioned ruler, as I thought him, and longed for the along the ground until I was safely hidden in locket, "are the portraits of my wife and my time when I could accompany my father in the a thick clump of bushes within a dozen yards eldest son. And Gretchen? Well, this porof the deer, which lay in a small spot clear of | trait, which you call a handsome but motherly face, is the likeness of Gretchen, who has been infested with poachers-daring peasants who " How long I lay there I cannot tell, but it | my wife for 30 long years, and who has often braved the excessive rigor of the laws for the seemed an age. I shivered and my heart beat | made me repeat to our children the story of my sake of the game they could secure at night | so loudly that I feared my fees, if anywhere | strange adventures in the forest of Germany, and the excitement of the illicit chase. Be- near, would bear its uncontrollable thumping. | the grand old country which I hope soon to

THE QUESTION SQUAD. "Hark! a slight crack of a broken twig. Information. [Comrades answering these inquiries are requested to write directly to the persons asking for

the information, and not to THE NATIONAL TRIBof any comrade who was in Co. A, 175th N, Y.— Jerome T. Nichols, Kilbourn City, Wis., would like the address of Capt. Wm. McMan, of Co. I. 176th Ohio. — John Jardine, Castlewood, Dak., wants the addresses of Capt. A. L. Washburn, Licuts. H. G. Dow and P. M. Naughton, Serg't J. F. Platt, and any of the comrades of Co. D. 16th N. . Cav. - Mrs. Jennett Fenner, Magnolia, Iowa, would like any information of Capt. C. W. Fenner, of Co. B. 12th Pa. Cav.—S. G. Coglizer, Co. F. 118th Pa., Plattsmouth, Neb., wants the address of any member of his company who was with him in Audersonville Prison in 1854.—Michael Kuchn, Co. G, 2d Mo., Box 44, Wabasha, Minn., desires the addresses of some of the officers and comrades of his company, especially that of Lieut. Weber, Chas. Grotthouse and the Hinkelbein brothers.—H. T. Delong, Sioux Falls, Dak., wishes the address of Surgeon Winnie, who was in charge of the hospital at Parkersburg, W. Va., in the Spring of 1862; also, the address of Steward.—Mrs. S. J. Moore, Kensington, O., wants the addresses of Adj't Alex. H. Rodgers and Albert Courtney, of Co. H. 136th Pa.—George Merriman, Crapo, Mich., wishes the address of his comrades, Herman Haughton, Clark Headly, Simon Schaffer, or any others of Co. A, songs; for I was thinking of the time when I should be a full-grown man and marry little Gretchen, the innikeeper's daughter, who was that awakened the entire household. I was thinking of the time when I hausted against my father's door with a jar that awakened the entire household. I was that awakened the entire household. I was the innikeeper's daughter, who was that awakened the entire household. I was the innikeeper's daughter, who was that awakened the entire household. I was the innikeeper's daughter, who was the innikeeper's daughter who Kan., wants to know the whereabout of his brother M. F. Mock, who was a member of Co. C. 26th laugh if you could see such a squat little maiden, in a short petticoat and wooden shoes, as she was ghost!

Ohio.—Mrs. Zerna Melton, Terre Haute, Ind., desires information of her son, Philip T. Melton, of Co. C. 2d Iowa Cav.—Mrs. Ela A. Ward, Box 150, cosho Fails, Kan., wishes the husband, W. D. Ward.-G. R. Serivally, Co. D, many scratches of briars and brambles in that 3d U. S., Scrivally, Tenn., would like to hear from any of his comrades .-- Henry C. Davis, Rockorder to halt. I stopped and glanced upward tion-the dreaded possibers. The neighbors and Orderly Sergeant of Co. E. 16th Vt. - Adam to behold a fierce-looking young fellow, evi- were aroused: I told my story, and early next | Ringer, Fairhaven, Minn., desires the address of

port, Mass., wants the address of Wm. B. Blanchany comrade who was at Camp, Smith near Nashville, from March 20 to July 15, 1861.—Mrs. Susan and blunt, the soldi Cox, Meadville, Pa., would like the address of any it all! Yes, all!! teamster who knew Dan Cox, a teamster for the Signal Corps detachment at Second Corps headquarters in 1861.—Emma L. Savage, Waitfield, Vt., wishes to know the whereabouts of the children of the late Geo. M. Savage, of Marshall, Mich. -J.W. Taylor, Co. H. 89th Ohio, Mt. Sterling, O., wants the address of any one that remembers him while in hospital No. 15, Louisville, Ky., with the measles, in the Spring of 1863. - John D. Shrigley, Grigsby, Kan., desires the address of any officer or comrade of Co. M. 8th Ohio, who was taken prisoner at Beverly, W. Va., in the Spring of 1865. ArthurW. Stockbridge, Norwood, Mass., would like the addressss of Capt. Blandin and Serg't Frank Staples, of Co. B. 58th Mass.—Almira B. Wood-ruff, Hastings, Mich., would like to know the whereabouts of her son, Alford C. Woodruff .---Leonidas Potter, Co. F. 21st Ill., Glen Allen, Mo., wants the addresses of J. R. Willis, Harry Boon, Dock Keen, or any comrade who remembers him being sick with yellow jaundice in Andersonville Prison in the Summer of 1864.—Joseph Keys, Co. F, 125th Ohio, Doddsville, Ark., wants the address of Lieut, Henry A. Pennfield, of the same company and regiment.—W. H. Lanphier, Sun City, Kan., would like the names and addresses of the physicians and nurses in the hospital at Jackson, Tenn., in the Winter of 1863,-Mrs. James W. Paxton, Sycamore, Ill., wants the address of any member of Co. D. 3d Iowa Cav., who was acquainted with James W. Paxton at or about the time of the battle of Pea Ridge.—R. H. Barrows, Frost, O., wants the addresses of Col. D. C. Smith, of 143d Ill.; Capt. A. T. Ash, Orderly-Serg't Woods, Jessie Gardner, S. Jones and Alonzo Clem, all of Co. K, 143d Ill .- L. S. Tyler, Co. H, 15th Iowa, Salem, Mass., desires the addresses of Robert W. Cross, Captain, 23d Iowa; George W. Walker, Lieutenant, 9th U. S.; Thomas J. Briggs, Lieutenant, 48th U.S.; George W. Arrick, Lieutenant, 13th La.; A. D. Henry; C. Hukill, Adjutant, U. S. C. T.; Charles W. Woodrow, Captain, 17th Iowa; Frank U. Martin, Lieutenant, U. S. C. T.; Lieut, James M. Hoffnagle, Co. H, all formerly of 15th Iowa.-Lyman H. Dum, Harrisville, Mich., desires the

Serg't Charles McCay, James Damon, or any com-rade of Co. H, 6th V. R. C.—William G. Stout, Sedan, Kan., wants the addresses of Lieut, Charles Howard, Bud Hoglan, Pleasant Lamon and Marsh Smith, of Co. C, 6th Ill, Cay. - Henry Crandell, Williamston, Mich., would like the address of John Hill, of Co. C. 88th Ohio, - William Hodge, Co. K. 19th Ill., Kirksville, Mo., wants the address of William Skinner, of Co. E, 79th Iil .- Mrs. Sarah A. Shepherd, East Liverpool, O., would like the address of any member of Co. E. 3d Md., who remembers Alian V. Shepherd while in Columbia College Hospital; also the address of Lieut.-Col. Rizen.—Mrs. Lizzie McCord, Pine Bluff, Ark., desires the addresses of the following comrades, who were on Gen. Steele's and Gen. Reynolds's stuff's: Col. B. C. Carr, Col. C. A. Henry, Capt. W. H. Canteen, Capt. Charles Thompson, Col. O. D. Green, Col. John Levering, Maj. Bainbridge, Col. Larzelle, Brig. Gen. R. C. Doun, W. D. Green, - Harrington, Capt. Webber. - Harvey D. Curtis, Maple Rapids, Mich., would like the address of any member of Co.C. 17th V. R. C., stationed at Indian-apolis, Ind., in 1861, 65.—J. Reeve, Co. C. 7th there was a baleful gleam in his eye that awed | occurred to me that someone had stolen the | Ohio, Bismarck, Dak., desires the addresses of Dr. S. H. Lee, Surgeon in charge of Hospital No. 3 Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1863, 64; Frank Owen and John Harriman, who were connected with the same hospital.—Alexander Rollie, Co. H, 9th Mo. cer or comrade who served with him .- R. S. Ball, Co. F, 88th Ohio, Huron, O., would like the address of Surg. Alex. McBride.—Benj. F. Froneffeld, Box 610, Van Wert, O., desires the address of John J. Holley .- Dave Williams, 212 Sixth Ave., Me Keesport, Pa., would like any information of his brother, Alonzo Williams, of the 122d N. Y .-- Gilbert R. Conarrol, Co. B., 104th Ill., 137 North Broad St., Middletown, O., would like the address of Serg't Frank Cook, of the same regiment, who had

wild with excitement, I leaped into the bog, plunged my arm into the half-liquid soil, and drew forth with a shout of joy the peacher's may be useful; ' and putting the fragment into | gun and a small pouch containing powder and | charge of corrall at Bridgeport, Ala., in the Winter of 1864.—Edward Holly, Midland City, Mich., "Homeward, fast homeward, flew little home without looking back. I lost no time in Gretchen, her wooden shoes scattering the would like the addresses of Capt. William Hall, of Co. H. 78th N. Y., or any comrade of that company obeying, and reached home by a circuitous leaves, her red petticoat flashing through the who knew him at Harper's Ferry, crippled with the

gun during the first search, and I was almost

"On the third day, as I drove my pole into

have died in his tracks before he would have | is saved! He is saved!' she fell fainting beside miserable, and Gretchen's childish pleading "A closer examination showed that the could not induce me to make known the cause. | wounded poacher, with wonderful strength of I passed whole days watching the poacher's will, had contrived to stagger to the spring, tree, but the fellow was cunning. The notched | where he sunk the gun deep into the yielding pole had disappeared, and he never came near | mud with one foot, and then he had toiled on a few yards further and had fallen dead in his "There was one spot in the forest where tracks. The color of the mud upon his shoes, deer were fend of grazing. I knew it well and | which had not before attracted attention, con- | He shot himself in the head, severed the arteoften watched them from my hiding-place, for firmed this view of the case. He must have ries at his wrists with a razor, cut his throat ing the whole time we were on the steamer

> If You Are Sick With Headache, Neuralgia, Rhonmatism Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria. the effect of which is to weaken the nervous sys-

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Hack, Co. B; Lieut, Thomas Horner, Co. C; Licut,

W. Howard, Co. A, and Dan Maher, Co. A, all of

the 64th Ill .- S. B. Hedge, Co. F, 6th Pa. H. A.

derly-Sergeant or any member of his regiment.

West Mecca, O., would like the address of the Or-

Suicide Due to Despondency.

mitted suicide at his home in Chicago, Nov. 21,

ohn Becker, Co. E; John Mack, Co. A; Walter

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CENTS. A Child can use them! Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work. At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free. For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated. | WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt. COL. A. T. BLISS,

The Man who Succeeds Timothy E. Tarsney, of Michigan, in Congress. In Col. A. T. Bliss, the man who has defeated

the Hon. Timothy E. Tarsney, who so bitterly opposed the granting of a pension to the widow of Gen. Logan, in the Eighth Congressional District of Michigan by 2,200, the soldiers have evidently found a new friend at court. Col. Bliss first saw the light in Madison County, New York, in 1836. His boyhood was much like that of other farmers' sons-plenty of hard work, with lit-tle chance for educa-

tion and improvement. When he was 16 years of age he left the farm and entered mercantile life as a clerk at \$75 and a suit of clothes per year. This pursuit he followed as clerk and owner until the breaking out of the war, when, in September, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Co. D, 10th N. Y. Cav. He was a member of that organization for three years and five months, and gradually rose through all the grades to Captain, and would have been commissioned as Colonel had he not been confined in one of the prison-pens of the South. For six months he was a prisoner at Andersonville, Macon, Charleston and Columbia, from which place he escaped, alone, on the 25th day of November, 1864. His sufferings and trials while a prisoner, and before he reached the Union lines, would fill a volume. After escaping he traveled for 18 nights through low swamps and almost impenetrable thickets, often without any-Comrades' Queries and Replies-Odds and Ends of thing to eat except roots and berries. Liberty and the old flag was the goal which kept up his flagging spirits, and enabled him at last to reach the Union lines near Savannah more dead than alive. As a private in the ranks, a non-com-Chas. Floyd, Pontoosuc, Ill., wants the address | missioned officer, a commissioned officer and a prisoner of war, he knows all that our soldiers

suffered that the Union might live. Soon after the war he removed to Michigan and began carving a fortune out of the pine forests, in which he has been eminently successful. Assisted by his noble wife, -who, by the way, cheered his spirits during the dark days of the war with her letters of hope for the future, and whom he married soon after the war, -he has built up a reputation for honesty and business integrity second to no man in Michigan. Through it all he has always had a good word and an open hand for the deserving comrades, and many of them have profited by his bounty. He has taken a great interest in the Grand Army, has been Aid-de-Camp on the staff of the Grand Commander, is at present Commander of Penover Post, and is also Treasurer of Michigan Soldsiers' Home. From all that we can learn we are confident Comrade Bliss can be relied upon to assist in all measures that will benefit the old soldiers, and we congratulate both them and him on his election.

PRIVATE DALZELL. Hamlet Left Out.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The coolness and gall with which the professional politicians in their published interviews account for the election of Gen. Harrison without naming the soldiers and their households, who cast 1,800,000 votes for Gen. Harrison, are refreshing! The them, residing in all parts of the campaign would have ended like a farce and world. signally failed if the soldiers had not come to the most natural appearance, the and blunt, the soldiers did it; the soldiers did Now, why?

Their hatred of Cleveland was a great factor; but their desire to have their bounties equalized, their arrears of pensions honestly paid, he is able to ascend and descend a and their names, one and all, put on the pension rolls at \$12 per month—every man of them—that elected Harrison!

That—that alone. Nothing else!

Now, let us have no more nonsense, no more

Now, let us have no more nonsense, no more

he is able to ascend and descend a ladder, walk, and mingle with persons without betraying his loss; in fact, he is restored to his former self for all practical purposes.

With the old methods of complicated ankle joints an undertaking of this kind would be at the peril

reduction of the surplus, until the Republican party redeems these long-delayed duties and promises to us. We will bear no monkeying.

We want no more talk. We mean business. We will stand no monkeying. Remember Lot's wife! If the Administration do all this, God bless it! If it fail, God --- well-I won't swear if I can help it, but God have mercy on their souls! This is plain, blunt, brief; but the sum of the whole matter. To this complexion it must come at last .- PRIVATE DALZELL, Caldwell, O.

Veteran U. S. Engineers. At the Crawford House, Boston, Thursday evening, Nov. 15, some 30 members of the Association of Veteran United States Engineers enjoyed their fourth annual dinner. All the Engineers fought in the rebellion, and their famous motto, "Essayons," which means "Let us try,' is well known. The retiring President, Mr. T. L. Perkirs, presided, and speeches were made by nearly every comrade present. Letters of regret were read from Gen. J. C. Duane, Col. G. I. Gillespie, Col. C. B. Comstock, and other officers of the U. S. Corps of Engineers unable to be present. The following officers were elected: President, Melville C. Grant; Viceaddresses of First Lieut, Jacob Beardsley, First | Presidents, I. W. Parker, Warren Lee Goss, and T. W. Paine; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank E. Beahn; Entertainment Committee, Messrs. J. A. Wilson, W. P. Putnam, and John S. Leavitt; Historian, B. C. Sparrow.

All Fortunes Take Their Turn. [Springfield Union.] In 1885, Gen. Atkins, Postmaster of Freeport, Ill., received the following letter from

Grover Cleveland: EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, D. C., July 20, 1885. You are hereby suspended from the office of Postmaster at Freeport, in the County of Stephenson, and State of Illinois, in accordance with the terms of the 1768th section of the Revised Statutes

of the United States. GROVER CLEVELAND, To Mr. SMITH D. ATKINS, Freeport, Stephenson As there were no poetic phrases in this letter which Gen. Atkins did not understand, he did not harry about replying to the communication, but the other day it occured to him that Mr. Cleveland might be waiting impatiently to hear from him, and he sent the following to the

ATKINS MANSION, FREEPORT, ILL., Nov. 7, 1888. You are hereby suspended from the office of President of the United States, at Washington, D. in accordance with the terms of section 135 to 149 of the Revised Statutes of the United States; this order to take effect on March 4, 1889.

SMITH D. ATKINS. To Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C. It is understood that the manifestations of ghoulish glee since the election have seriously interfered with Mr. Cleveland's personal comfort, and he has retired to Red Top, ostensibly to write his message to Congress. He begins to understand now how some 40,000 " offen-I dazed not tell of it, for I would have been the branches that brushed her rudely as she | Philadelphia, Pa., desires the address of any com- sive partisans" whom he has sent from official station to private life, enjoy innocuous desue-

In Danger of Losing His Wife.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Having seen many stories in The NATIONAL TRIBUNE in regard to how comrades won their wives, I will relate how I came near losing mine. We were on our way from Nebraska to the Pacific Coast, E. S. Lucas, a Grand Army veteran, com- and had to accomplish the latter part of our journey by water. Soon after the boat started my wife and son began to get seasiek, and durwere the two sickest mortals I ever saw. They could neither eat nor sleep, and I was very glad when we landed at Port Harford. When my wife felt the solid ground under her feet she declared that she never would travel on a boat again, and if I wanted to do so we would dissolve partnership there and then. Now comes another dilemma. We are both anxious to go back to our old home, but as there is no railroad out here, we can only go by steamer or stage but the latter is too slow and tedious. Whenever my wife speaks of going back I remind her of the sea voyage, and she declares she will wait for the railroad to be completed. -John C. Lyon, Nipomo, Cal.

A Single Chance. [Minneapolis Tribune,] ove your daughter, sir." hat chance have you in life?" " one." "And-that is?"
"The chance that you may give your con-"And-that is?"

"Take her, my son." "Merci, papa."

[Carlisle (Pa.) Red Man.] To one of the well-advanced classes the question was asked: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe," was the immediate response from a bright member of the class.

Zoology.

One Way to Strengthen a Cable. [Atlanta Constitution.] Figures don't tell the truth all the time. See if they do. Take a single link of a ship's chain cable. It is exactly like a letter "O" turned thus:

Only there is a short iron bar, a "stud" the sailors call it, joining the sides together, as from M to N. Now, the result of careful experiment shows that the addition of the "stud" adds one-

quarter to the strength of the link. See "Luce's

Seamanship," page 282. Another rule, the result of equally careful and thorough experiment, shows that to take out the "stud" decreases the strength of the link only one-fifth. See Luce, page 283. Now, if putting the "stud" in increases the

strength of the link five-twentieths, and taking the "stud" out decreases the strength only four-twentieths, the difference is evidently a gain in strength, and yet the link is exactly as it was in the beginning. If, now, it increases the strength of the link by one-twentieth to put in a "stud" and straightway take it out, why can we not go on

by putting the "stud" in and taking it out, and repeating the operation? Luce's rules are accepted as infallible, and yet the conclusion you have arrived at does not look like common sense.

increasing the strength of the link indefinitely



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feet he can venture upon all sorts of operations with safety. A treatise of 400 pages with 200 illustrations sent free: also a copyright formula, by which limbs can be made and sent to all parts of the world with Guaranteed Success without requiring the presence of the wearer.

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by mail, 50er per dozen, \$5.50. It will be the biggest holiday seller in the market. We have agents coining money. Large catalogue of novelties with each sample. WM. WILLIAMS, 121 Hulsted St., Chicago. Mention The National Tribune.

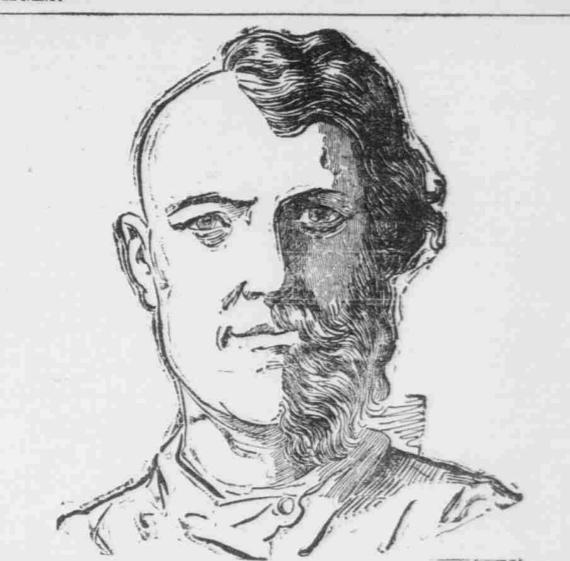


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\$300 GaSh will be distributed among the first 67 persons who return this advertisement showing by plain talt lines how to reach the center of the possile by entering at any edge and not crossing a line. The first three persons showing three stays to enter will receive \$15 each, the first fire persons showing two ways to enter will receive \$15 each, the first fire persons showing two ways to enter will receive \$10 each, the first 50 persons, should there be that many, showing one way ways to chief will receive \$10 cach, the first 50 persons, should there be that many, showing one way to reach the center will receive \$2 cach. If you do not win one of the largest amounts you have 65 chances for one of the others. This offer is made to introduce The Chimney Corner is new homes and competitors must send 30 cents in payment for four months' subscription. It competes 15 pages, 64 columns, is handsomely printed and electratly illustrated. Further comment is unnecessary at the Chimney Corner has been a house bold word for years. Our business is transacted fairly as the publishers of this pages in w. Send now To Day. All replies must be received by March 27. Names and addresses of price wisness will appear in the Chimney Corner of April 18. For 30 cents you are sure to receive full value of morey sent. Loss no time but write at one and set the Mappins. One cent stamps taken same as each. Address.

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